

Low - Flo Rida Feat. T-Pain Lyrics

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"Low"

Mm-mm-mm-mm

Let me talk to 'em

Let me talk to 'em

Let it rain, mm-mm-mm

Let me talk to 'em

C'mon

Shawty had them apple bottom jeans (jeans)

Boots with the fur (with the fur)

The whole club was lookin' at her

She hit the floor (she hit the floor)

Next thing you know

Shawty got low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low

Them baggy sweat pants and the Reeboks with the straps (with the straps)

She turned around and gave that big booty a slap (hey)

She hit the floor (she hit the floor)

Next thing you know

Shawty got low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low

Hey, I ain't never seen nothin' that'll make me go

This crazy all night, spending my dough

Had the million dollar vibe and a body to go

Them birthday cakes, they stole the show

So sexual

She was flexible, professional

Drinkin' X and O

Hold up wait a minute, do I see what I think I-, whoa

Did her thing, I seen shawty get low

Ain't the same when it's up that close

Make it rain, I'm makin' it snow

Work the pole, I got the bankroll

I'ma say that I prefer the no clothes

I'm into that, I love women exposed

She threw it back at me, I gave her more

Cash ain't a problem, I know where it go

She had them apple bottom jeans (jeans)

Boots with the fur (with the fur)

The whole club was lookin' at her

She hit the floor (she hit the floor)

Next thing you know

Shawty got low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low

Them baggy sweat pants and the Reeboks with the straps (with the straps)

She turned around and gave that big booty a slap (ayy)

She hit the floor (she hit the floor)

Next thing you know

Shawty got low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low

Hey, shawty, what I gotta do to get you home?

My jeans filled with guap and they ready for shones

Cadillacs, Maybachs for the sexy grown

Patron on the rocks that'll make your moan

One stack c'mon, two stacks c'mon, three stacks c'mon

Now that's three grand

What you think I'm playin'? Baby-girl, I'm the man

I invented rubber bands

That's what I told her, her legs on my shoulders

I knew it was over

That Henny and Cola got me like a soldier

She ready for Rover, I couldn't control her

So lucky, oh, me, I was just like a clover

Shawty was hot like a toaster

Sorry, but I had to fold her

Like a pornography poster, she showed her

Apple bottom jeans (jeans)

Boots with the fur (with the fur)

The whole club was lookin' at her

She hit the floor (she hit the floor)

Next thing you know

Shawty got low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low

Them baggy sweat pants and the Reeboks with the straps (with the straps)

She turned around and gave that big booty a slap (hey)

She hit the floor (she hit the floor)

Next thing you know

Shawty got low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low

Whoa, shawty, yeah she was worth the money

Lil' mama took my cash

And I ain't want it back

The way she bent that back
Got all them paper stacks
Tattoo above her crack
I had to handle that

I was on it, sexy woman
Let me showin', and make me want it
Two in the morning, I'm zoned in
Them Rosay bottles foaming
She wouldn't stop, made it drop
Shawty did that pop and lock
Had to break her off that guap
Gal was fly just like my Glock

Apple bottom jeans (jeans)
Boots with the fur (with the fur)
The whole club was lookin' at her
She hit the floor (she hit the floor)

Next thing you know
Shawty got low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low

Them baggy sweat pants and the Reeboks with the straps (with the straps)

She turned around and gave that big booty a slap (hey)

She hit the floor (she hit the floor)

Next thing you know

Shawty got low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low (c'mon)

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